

Let us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all along our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and rye,  
Casing out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day;  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briers from our way.

#### THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the city of B—, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the bell of the St. John's cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal flow from the huge furnace into the mold which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid flames that burst from the top of the tall chimney, flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house-tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tatarian shades, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains, crossing, half black, half golden, under the glowing roof, recalled the engines of the Cyclops under Mt. Aetna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer garments.

"Be back in half an hour, sharp!" cried the foremaster. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another; "and it will be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper on that.

"Perhaps we can get the 'inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, laughingly, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?" returned the man in the same jesting tone.

"He's been round the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hallo! hallo! I say! Where's the 'inventor'?" Come here. Ah, there he is!" And in silent answer to this summons, a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes, and a pale, vacuous face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopus," quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace and don't take your eyes off."

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered—just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this "Mopus," stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but with wonderful fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the working of the foundry, by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went in an unusual way, he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before, he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting chain broke with its load and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a serious injury. From this he partially recovered, but only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength, he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their master toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the inventor's eyes do most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near

# The Deaf-Hamites' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1876.

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the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let on the molten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something great was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace, absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him.

There was a slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat, as if he had a fit of nightmare.

"Thin red stream followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half-way deep moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe-room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in on a reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid master-piece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"I remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head with a smile. "It's all new to me, all new and strange—so strange!"

"Yes," said the master, devoutly, "it was God's hand."

The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a general on field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones toppled over. Still the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

"I should like to strike the bell once," two men lifted him up and put a small hammer into his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah," said the master, "there's a hellishiah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together."

"Amen," murmured the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was rolled away with its melodious burden, the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out into the sunny day, together, the rough men standing in the door-ways waving their hands.

"Little inventor" afterward well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matchless richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.—*Rufus Sargent.*

—*Choice Literary Selections.*

We will tell our triumph to the crowd, but our hearts are the sole confidants of our sorrows.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Melancholy spreads itself betwixt heaven and earth, like envy between man and man and is an everlasting mist.—*Bryon.*

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematical I have enough within myself.—*Goethe.*

It is the rarest quality to be met with among people of education, and the most common among the uneducated.—*Hazlitt.*

There are falsehoods which represent truth so well that it would be judging ill not to be deceived by them.—*Roche Foucauld.*

He alone is a man who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.—*Lavater.*

It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. We are as rigorous to offenses as if we had never offended.—*Blair.*

It is another fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.—*Seneca.*

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.—*Hawthorne.*

A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the bell mold. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick bats, ore, slag and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and plying the spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metallic ring.

"Man," he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast!"

"Who did this?" asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me two or three of you!"

cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with her finger on her lips.

"The poor boy is in brain fever," she said.

"Does he know anything in his delirium?" whispered the master.

"Oh, yes he raves all the time about the big bell mold. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said.

"Do you think so? Pray heaven he may!" solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and they turned away

dearly moved.

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## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELLINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence must be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Syle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### Fine Engravings.

Through the compliments of our friend Zachariah G. McCoy, a former resident of this county, and a graduate of the New York Institution High Class of 1854, who is at present a teacher in the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf-mutes, we have received an engraving of William H. De Motte, A. M., Principal of the said Institution, and an engraved manual alphabet card, both executed by James Dudley, of Delevan, who is one of the first graduates, and a native of Cayuga county, in this State. Notwithstanding Mr. Dudley is self-instructed in the art of engraving, the likeness and card are elegantly finished, and plainly indicate that he is a workman of taste and ability.

### Good News for the Church Mission.

PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1876. Yesterday, Dr. Gallaudet received from Mrs. A. T. Steward a check for \$2,000 for the Church Mission. Half of it was assigned to the current expenses, paying all bills and leaving a balance.

The other half was given to the Building Fund, which is now \$3,600. A very suitable house in Westchester Co., N. Y., with rooms for each person, a large room which can be made a chapel, and with land around, has been offered on easy terms. It is hoped it can be secured before May 1st, when the lease of the house in New York ends. Now go to work and make up enough!

H. W. SYLE.

On the Raging Canal."

Messrs. H. A. Rumrill and E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, enjoyed a pleasure trip by Greenway's steam yacht through the Erie canal, from Rome to Syracuse, one day last week.

### Organization of a New Alumni Society.

The Wisconsin Deaf-mute Alumni Society was organized at the Institution for Deaf-mutes, Delevan, on the 8th inst. The following named gentlemen were chosen officers: President, Philip S. Engelhardt, of Milwaukee; Vice President, Wm. Sullivan, of Chicago; Treasurer, James Dudley, of Delevan; Secretary, Grant, of Chicago.

Dom Pedro.

The Emperor, Dom Pedro, accompanied by the Visconde de Bon Petri, visited the Washington Deaf and Dumb Institution, on the 2d inst., and spent several hours examining into the details of its working. His majesty expressed himself delighted with the completeness and thorough organization of the institution, and said that the hours spent in examining the deaf and dumb institute were among the pleasantest he has passed since his arrival in the United States. The institute he declared to be best organized and most complete he has seen either in Europe or America.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

ZACHARIAH G. MCCOY, of Delevan, Wis., and HARRY REED, of Menasha, Wis., started last week for Philadelphia to visit the Centennial Exhibition.

We find the following in the *Chimney Corner*, of June 10th: A mysterious deaf girl has been agitating San Francisco. A reporter went to interview her the other day, and, while taking down the points, indulged in remarks which would not have been complimentary if she could have heard him. She stood it for some time, but finally emptied the coal scuttle over him, and pitched him down stairs. He doesn't believe she is deaf.

The following was found in the *Christian Intelligencer* of the 18th of May: A girl in Plainfield having been struck deaf by the firing of a cannon, one of the papers of that city declare that a number of married men have invited the attorney companies to practice near their premises.

### The American Asylum for Deaf-mutes.

We have received a copy of the Sixteenth Annual report of the Directors and Officers of the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Hon. Calvin Day is President of the Board, and there are eight Vice-Presidents, in addition to which there are ten directors by election, and the Governor and Secretary of State of the six New England States, are, by virtue of the State office which they hold, ex-officio members of the board of directors of the American Asylum. The Secretary of the board is John C. Parsons; Treasurer, Roland Martin; Directing Committee, George M. Welch, Chairman Francis B. Cooley, and John C. Parsons. The officers and teachers of the school are, Principal, Edward C. Stone, M. A.; Instructor of the Gallaudet Scientific School, John C. Bull, M. A. There are besides six male and seven female instructors, two teachers of articulation, and one of drawing. There is one attending physician, a steward and assistant steward, a matron and two assistant matrons. Three kinds of trades are taught, the cabinet, shoe and tailor trades, the former two having each a shop master, and the latter a shop mistress.

The report of the directors refers to a legacy of \$5,000, which the Asylum received on the first of April last, under the will of Mr. James S. Seymour, of Auburn, N. Y. Mr. Seymour was teller of the Hartford bank, nearly sixty years ago, and is spoken of as one who did not forget that the institute was not founded by the State, but by individual effort and private liberality. Mr. Seymour was born April 18th, 1791, in West Hartford, at that time a part of the town of Hartford. He settled in Auburn in 1816, as the first Cashier of the bank then opened till 1849, when he became its sixth President, and held the office till his death, December 3, 1875. Such a career needs no comments. But he was more than a sagacious and successful banker. His sympathies were with his generosity, constant and prompt, his kindness never failing.

Mr. George C. Perkins, the youngest member of the board of directors, died in September last. He had never taken his seat with the board, having been chosen the previous May, while absent from the country, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father, Mr. Henry N. Perkins, the previous year. But his high character and marked abilities gave promise of great usefulness in the service of the Asylum.

Mr. Rufus Lewis, who had for thirty-five years faithfully discharged the duties of master of the cabinet shop, resigned his position on the first of July last. He left with the confidence and esteem of the pupils and officers. He has been succeeded by N. W. Smith, favorably known in Hartford.

The board say that the depression of business render it more difficult than usual to dispose of the articles manufactured in the shops and to compete with machine work. But they assert that in their judgment the great advantage derived by the pupils from mechanical work fully justifies the Asylum in maintaining this department, even at some loss.

The report of the Principal is for the year ending May 1st, 1876. The number of pupils in attendance was about the same as during the previous year. Number present at date of last report, 218. New pupils admitted during the year, 32. Former pupils re-admitted, 16. Entire number under instruction, 266. Dismissed during the year, 47. Deaths, 2. Number present May 1st, 1876, 217. Average attendance during the year, 218.

The 47 pupils that left during the year remained in school upon an average of five and a half years each. Some of them intend to return and continue their studies.

Seven years is the time during which pupils are retained to pass through the regular course. In worthy cases the time is sometimes extended from one to three years. Only six of those who left remained longer than seven years. The general health of the household was good, but there were two deaths among the pupils. George S. Jones, of West Scituate, Mass., died of diphtheria on the 27th of October, after a brief sickness. And Cynthia Brown, of Dearing, N. H., fifteen years of age, a girl of feeble constitution, died suddenly of apoplexy, in the month of April. Both were new pupils, having entered the school last September.

One change occurred among the officers since the last report. Miss Clara Larned, a teacher, after two years of faithful service retired in June last, and was succeeded by Miss Lucy H. Williams, who is discharging the duties with industry and zeal. In the work of education the result has been such as to encourage the teachers and gratify the patrons and friends of the Institution. The degree of order and application to study on the part of the pupils, was commendable, and the progress made is believed to be equal to the previous year. It is the aim of the Principal and assistants to secure the highest good of the pupils, and to adopt modes best calculated to promote that end. During the year thirty mutes were instructed in articulation and lip-reading. Of this number eighteen were semi-mutes, and their improvement was good. A number of the total mutes made such slow progress that their further instruction seemed unavoidable. Twenty-seven pupils now remain in this department. More attention was given last year to lip-reading than formerly. Some of the pupils learned lip-reading easier than speech—Bell's Method of Visible Speech is still used and found to be very valuable. The Principal says in regards to Bell's Method of visible speech, that it has been introduced and is taught to a greater or less extent in at least seven institutions, and its use is being extended.

### Closing Exercises of the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

From the *Deawan (Wisconsin) Republican*, June 9, 1876.

The closing exercises of the Deaf and Dumb Institute took place on Wednesday. The chapel was crowded with pupils and interested spectators. The examinations showed a very creditable progress in the several studies prescribed. Peculiar interest was felt in Miss Eddy's pupils in articulation, and gratifying results were shown. The essays by the graduating class were quite up to the average grade of those of the pupils of our public schools. For want of time but few of these were read. That of Miss Mary Stillwell, on Memory, was very good indeed as to matter, very gracefully worded, and delivered in such a lady-like manner as to deserve the approval of all present. In this commanding Miss Stillwell, it must not be inferred that there was nothing to praise truthfully in the efforts of her classmates. The lack of time did a seeming injustice to them, but they bore their disappointment nobly. The farewell address by Lars M. Larson is given herewith:

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**—For the end of this year the programme is about to terminate, and to-morrow the vacation, so joyful in anticipation, will begin. We note how quickly the time has passed, and learn the lessons it would teach us; but we have learned that in heaven God rules the time and times.

Last March the principal, by invitation, went to Providence, Rhode Island, with a number of pupils, and gave an exhibition of their proficiency before the Legislature.

By permission of the Board of Directors, the principal visited several Deaf-mute Institutions, and examined into their methods of instruction and general management. The principal expresses the opinion that, while the officers and directors of the Asylum may look with satisfaction upon their own school, they are able to gain valuable ideas from their fellow laborers in other States.

During the past year there were sent to the pupils, gratis and regularly, three daily, one semi-weekly, thirty-four weekly, one semi-monthly, and one monthly newspaper, from different cities and villages from Omaha, Nebraska, in the North-west to Portland, Maine, in the North-east sections of the Union.

Summary of the pupils attending during the year—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Supported by Maine,	31	29	60
" N. H.	22	6	28
" Vt.	11	14	25
" Mass.	51	32	85
" R. I.	7	1	8
" Conn.	34	22	56
" Friends,		4	
Total,	156	104	264
Greater number in attendance at one time,			222
Average attendance during the year,			218

A careful analysis of the report furnishes abundant proof that the affairs of the Institution in all their details, are managed judiciously; that great care is exercised in the proper training of the pupils morally, physically and intellectually. While from year to year and from generation to generation the Hartford, the mother of all Institutions in this country for the education of deaf-mutes, maintains her staid dignity and her works satisfactorily proves to the world the amount of good she is accomplishing for the deaf and dumb. We cannot but view her past and present history with feelings of unutterable admiration. Daily appreciating and cheerfully applauding our entire chain and network of Institutions and schools for the instruction of deaf-mutes, and rendering to all, due deference and honor for the untold amount of good accomplished by each, we nevertheless can but regard this old Institution with interest well-nigh approaching adoration. Her sons and daughters, who have received inestimable benefits within her walls, scattered throughout the country, from Maine to Oregon and from the lakes to the southern gulf, remember her fostering care with filial affection, and are to-day reaping the substantial benefits in the shape of industrious habits and sound moral principles inculcated while on the course of instruction at the American Asylum.

The condition of deaf-mutes in their uneducated state is different from that of hearing and speaking people. The latter get correct ideas from a good native use of the language, while the former get no clear ideas on which to base mental work.

The proper time we were received at this institute, and began study and recitations by the wonderful signs in use among the deaf and dumb. We were at once enabled to understand those about us. We have been given these educational advantages for the legal term of seven years. Now we can read, write and understand the different scientific systems. Our minds have been trained into activity. Work for both mind and hands has been taught us, and we go forth into the world self-supporting.

We do not regret the absence of the sense of hearing, because God has made us as to Him seemed well. Though the blind may be content, and prefer blindness to deafness, we say we prefer deafness. Thus both may be content, and perhaps we enjoy ourselves better than many speaking and hearing people, who have all the senses, but have not contentment.

This institute was founded in 1853 by our State and the strong influences of Christianity, which makes people feel tender and generous in their hearts. It is not an asylum for helpless unfortunate, but a school to educate deaf and dumb children and fit them for usefulness in this world. Till 1817 there were no deaf and dumb schools in our free and happy republic. Now there are about 40 schools established in this country alone, and more than 150 schools in different Christian lands. More than 400 pupils have been admitted here, most of whom are respectable and intelligent citizens of Wisconsin.

The tie which has bound us here so long must be severed, and ended sadly. During the years past, while we have been here for the purpose of cultivating our minds and hearts, the trustees and officers have labored with great earnestness. We will express our thanks for the last time.

We thank you, the honorable trustees, for your care and kind interest in our welfare. You have regulated the management in all its departments, industrial, domestic and intellectual. May God direct you in your deliberations, and bless you in your worthy work. With grateful feelings we bid you farewell!

The past year has been one of the choicest of our lives. We feel thankful to you for your faithful and daily care, for supplying our wants, and correcting our principles and character. We shall remember you with love and respect, and hope many years will be given you to continue in your good work. Farewell!

Now comes the saddest duty—to sever the bond that unites us with our good principal and dear teachers, that have continued so long here. To you we are indebted for the greater part of our instruction and knowledge. We shall remember your kindness and the friendly interest that you have so frequently shown to us. With patience and kindness you have corrected our errors and faults. You have taught us by example and precept. We shall remember your kind

talks to us and the precious bits of advice from the holy Bible that you have pointed out to us. All this we have treasured up in our memories. You have taught us to write, read, honor and obey, and do the service of God. We pray God's blessing upon you, and that you may long continue to do his work upon earth and benefit mankind. We bid you an affectionate farewell.

Dear fellow classmates and schoolmates, for the last time we are met together. It is, indeed, very hard to bid each other farewell, on account of our more immediate acquaintance. You are rendered dear by many pleasant recollections, with whom the rarest part of our lives has been spent. We have grown up together as classmates, friends and playmates. We have shared joys, sorrows and secrets for years. We hope those who return here another year may be faithful in their studies, improve their opportunities, and be obedient to the rules of the institute. May God daily preserve and keep you from the many temptations and casualties of this deceitful though apparently beautiful world, and bring you safely to himself at last. Please remember each other and mates. Let us bid each other an affectionate farewell.

Graduating classmates, we are about to leave this noble building that has sheltered us so long. Perhaps we shall never all meet again on this earth, but we are confident we can meet in heaven. We have been taught here to read, write, and the paths of life, and to walk in the truths of God.

We are now to commence practice for ourselves. Let us always do right, obey God and connect ourselves with good society, and churches which we may prefer. We should show ourselves independent; by having been well prepared and keep the precepts of our instruction, and follow the examples that have been set before us with a firm and unyielding faith in Christ. We should, indeed, become respected and useful citizens of our State. Though we may become separated by many miles let us not forget each other and our kind benefactors. May God bless you all and keep you in his care. Let us bid each other an affectionate farewell,

A very short address by Superintendent De Motte, was yet long enough to reveal at once the practical educator and the tender-hearted man. Dr. Chapin, president of the board of trustees, in behalf of his colleagues, who were all present, followed with the following speech, admirable for its good sense no less than for its brevity:

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—In behalf of the Trustees; I have a few words to say to you before you leave the institute. For seven years we have been gratified to observe your improvement in language, in knowledge, and in the development of good manners and virtuous habits. You have grown up from children to be men and women. Now your course of education here is finished. You are going out to mingle with your fellow men and act for yourselves. Let me offer a few words of counsel and encouragement:

1. Continue to be learners. Use all opportunities by books, by conversation, by observation, to increase the sum of your knowledge. You will never be too old to learn. Especially exercise yourselves in writing, that you may gain power in the use of language, for by writing, chiefly, you will hold intercourse with others.

2. Respect yourselves and be self-reliant in efforts to earn your own support. You can find useful employment and if faithful and steady, gain the confidence and respect of community. Your misfortune need not prevent your being honored and happy, if you use well the advantages of your education.

3. Be truthful, honest, temperate, and pure against all temptation. Evil men abound in this evil world, but you know the difference between right and wrong, and by choosing good companions, and fixing your own purposes aright, you can establish a good character.

4. Make God your friend. Pray to your Father in heaven, serve the Lord Jesus Christ your Savior, and study much those precious scriptures which are able to make you wise unto everlasting life.

We pray God to bless you with long and happy lives on earth, and a blissful immortality beyond the grave; and so, full of kindness and love towards you, we say, farewell.

Diplomas were given by order of the board to Ada Bishop of Evansville, John W. Blair of Boscoob, Louis H. Bushel of Azatlan, Elick Drinkwater of Fond du Lac, Edwin H. K. Ernst of Oshkosh, Albert Henry of West Point, Alda F. Hunnell of Argyle, Mary Johnson of Elmoonton, Lars M. Larson of Springville, Mary Stillwell of Mazomanie, George Tolles of Janesville, and William F. White of Mazomanie.

In the evening

The Dangers of Walking on the Rail—  
TWO DEAF-MUTES WALKING ON THE TRACK STRUCK BY AN ENGINE AND ONE OF THEM KILLED.

JACKSON, Mich., June 17th, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As the passenger train on the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw railroad, drawn by the engine, Reading, Critchfield engineer, was crossing Fourth Street, coming into the city at half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, two men were seen walking on the railroad about thirty rods ahead, one between the Fort Wayne and Air Line tracks, and the other between the rails of the Fort Wayne track. The whistle was blown and the bell rung violently, but neither seemed to take any notice until the train had gotten within six or seven yards of them, when the one on the track looked round, saw the train and jumped, escaping injury. The engineer could not see the other man from his side of the cab, but when he had passed, was signaled back by the man who had escaped, and found the other lying on his back between the tracks, bleeding profusely from a wound in the head, and apparently almost dead. He was picked up and both men were brought to the Union depot, the wounded man was placed in the express baggage room, and conductor, A. C. Smith, immediately procured the attendance of Dr. Chittock. The injured man was found to be a deaf-mute, named Charles B. Hibbard, a prominent member of the Jackson Deaf-mute Christian Association, twenty-eight years of age.

His companion was Mr. Elijah Buck, a deaf-mute. Mr. Hibbard's injury was a compound fracture of the skull; it was found to be a mortal wound, and the raising of the depressed portion of the bone furnished no relief. He was taken to Marcus H. Kerr's residence, at the corner of Washington and Webster streets, where he died in a few minutes after he arrived.

He leaves a young wife and a little child, and a mother and sister residing at Ganges, Michigan, near South Haven.

Coroner Zunder was notified and empanelled a jury of inquest, consisting of W. H. Loomis, E. W. Wolcott, T. McGraw, C. C. Crouch, George S. White and James McGraw. The inquest was held this morning, the principal testimony being that of Mr. Buck, which was taken by means of an interpreter, (Mr. Robert Kerr) Engineer Critchfield and Dr. G. Chittock, and the verdict was accidental death, with no blame whatever to be attached to the railroad company.

The funeral was at the residence, this forenoon, Rev. J. T. McGrath, of the Episcopal church, officiating, and the remains were taken to Niles, on the Michigan Central RR., from there to South Bend and to Elkhart, Ind., to be buried. Mrs. Hibbard's parents residing there. Passers were furnished for the corpse, the widow and Mrs. Osgood by the kindness of President Loomis of the Fort Wayne road.

Mr. C. B. Hibbard finished his studies at the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., and there obtained the degree of B. A. He was highly respected among the deaf-mutes of this city, and, though he had been here but a short time, he was quite prominent among them. He was a tip-top composer and formerly worked in the office of the *Detroit Tribune*.

All acknowledge that it is the height of foolhardiness for people thus afflicted, especially, to walk on the railroad track, but his companion, Mr. Buck, says he insisted on walking in that direction to see the country; he also says that they were particularly careful to look out for the train, but nevertheless they became busily engaged in conversation and did not feel the approach of the train, as they usually do; besides, they thought it was due on the other track—the Air Line—and that the track they were walking on—the Fort Wayne—was but a side track.

Yours respectfully,

M. H. K.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

On the 1st of June, there was a large attendance of deaf-mutes in the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association. Dr. Gallaudet was announced to deliver a series of talks upon his travels, but was unable to reach home in time. The committee on the picnic have decided to go to Fort Lee, to the second grove leading to the "rocky" one, and will not therefore go to the same one as last year. The fare for the trip will be 25 cts, and no more money need be used. The association intends to make the day a gay one. The committee will be stationed at the various landings so as to make special arrangements, and all complaints should be sent to the committee named in last week's issue. This picnic affords the deaf-mutes of all places an opportunity to be present, and we extend a special invitation to our friends who are going to the Centennial to stop at this city in time to partake of the fresh breezes of the noble Hudson.

Arrangements are being made by the Sunnyside Social Club to have their rooms elaborately decorated with American flags, and also the flags of 36 nations with appropriate mottoes, and on the 3d of July, the members will adorn the outside of the building with lanterns and flags. The outside decorations will remain only a few days, while the inside ones will remain until the 10th of November. On the 7th of October the club will give its fourth annual invitation ball. Fireworks will be used, and at 10 o'clock in the evening a freezer of ice cream will be distributed among the members and their friends. Should nothing get in the way the occasion will be a brilliant one.

AGRIFFA.

Brooklyn, June 7th, 1876.

A temperance meeting was held at Texas last Tuesday night. Addresses were made by Misses Le Junc and Petrie and Mr. Organ. The attendance was

Brooklyn Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The recent showers had settled the dust that is generally found in so great abundance on the road from the city line to the upper section of the city of churches, and the warm sun that showed itself gave the fresh, inviting, healthy appearance of budding summer. The atmosphere, too, as if in sympathy, had borrowed, as it were, a new vitality, and it was with a buoyant, youthful step that the writer approached the nearest villa and confronted a man with the usual "buttermilk" colored face which could not possibly be disputed, and who was sitting listlessly on the stoop. In one of his hands he had a cane, no doubt made from the small bushes which concealed the fence running around his garden. In his other hand he held his hat, which he swung backward and forward, occasionally dropping it. His head was inclined slightly forward, and was capped with a mass of thick grey hair, carelessly pushed back from his forehead, which was of medium height, and which, save a few wrinkles, was uncommonly fair for a man of his years. As the writer approached the gate the man raised himself to his full height and squared his shoulders so as to look his best, and gazed with a look of curious and intent inquiry into the writer's face when he handed him a piece of paper, on which was the

lition such pupils choose, and the school itself will become more and more useful. Our Legislature should pay some attention to its wants. Every one should look upon this school as a place where the ordinary branches of an English education are taught. The greatest pains are bestowed in forwarding not only the intellectual improvement and good deportment of the pupils, but also the due cultivation of moral and social virtues.

AGRIFFA.

Brooklyn, June 1876.

Base Ball.

ASTORIAS, 27—KENDALLS, 1.

On Friday afternoon, June 2, the third game of ball was played between the Astorias and the Kendall clubs of Washington, on the grounds of the latter, at Kendall Green. The Kendalls were unable to play their full nine, and consequently those in the outer field played poorly. The only good play on the part of the Kendalls was the brilliant running catches by Frisbee in the first inning, and a catch by Carter in the third inning. The game opened by the Kendalls, taking the bat and scoring 1, but for their next eight innings they were blanked. The fielding of the Astorias was almost without fault, and their victory is due chiefly to their heavy batting.

Do you know where the Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is situated, sir?"

The old man, with a look of curiosity, said it was on Henry St., between Union and Sackett Sts., about one-half mile from where we were standing. The writer did not know how far he had gone till he was informed that he was still one-half a mile away from his destination.

However, he did not give up his search,

but took another car and ran down to Court St., where he jumped off at the corner of Columbia street. On inquiring of a young lady, he was shown to the building.

He reply to a knock at the door of

510 Henry street, Brooklyn, he was invited into a dark, cool parlor by a young lady dressed in black. His attention was finally called away from the newspaper with which he had been

whiling away the lonely moments which crept slowly along by Miss Ellen Phelan, the Principal of St. Joseph Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, with whom he fell into an interesting conversation.

For some time before the purchase of

the old site at 177 Union St., the managers became conscious of the fact that

there was a very wide field for a school in the immediate vicinity and they accordingly held several consultations. And the result of the arduous labor performed by the managers was that in the year

1873 or the earlier part of 1874, this

school for the education of the deaf and dumb was opened at 177 Union St., where it remained until recently. The number of pupils became so large that arrangements were made to secure a larger building, and early in March the present accommodations (510 Henry St.) were purchased. On about the first of May the removal was made and in spite of financial difficulties, the managers succeeded in their work.

The dimensions of the building are

about 11x50 feet. It is upon a stone

foundation; the front is of brown stone and the remainder of brick. If I mistake not it is of the gothic style of architecture. The main entrance is on Henry street, four doors from Sackett street. There are four front windows in each story, and the building is five stories high exclusive of the basement. The interior is elaborately frescoed. It can accommodate about seventy-five persons.

The basement is used as a dining-room,

etc., while the front of the first floor is

reception room, back of which, and separated by folding doors, is the chapel.

On the second floor are the school-rooms, which are divided by folding doors, and in each there are four blackboards and eight desks of a recent pattern. The third floor is used as the dormitory and is very airy. Here are some fifty beds.

There are 28 pupils, all of whom are

females, and their ages range from six to

eighteen years. The morning school-hours are from nine to eleven. Dinner is announced at 11:30, and after dinner the pupils enjoy the luxury of the fresh air until one o'clock, when school is begun again. The school hours end at 3 o'clock, and at 3:30 the larger girls are taught sewing, etc., while the small ones are taught plain and fancy work. Supper is announced at 5 o'clock, and play indulged in until 6 o'clock, when they take up their books, and every one retires at 8 o'clock. This programme is somewhat changed in the winter.

Most of the pupils are from Brooklyn,

and the best articulation we have ever

seen, even while we were a pupil at the

New York Institution, was given by these

pupils who are under the skilful instruction of Miss Phelan. The pupils can easily understand lip-reading, and great care is taken in educating these children of silence.

This school is a branch of the Fordham Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,

and although it is Catholic in religion,

the other sects are taught according to

the desires of the pupils or their parents.

No exhibition will be held this summer,

but there will be an examination of

classes, and prizes will be awarded. The school closes on the last Friday in June, and opens on the 1st of September.

Next fall there will be an addition of ten boys. The books used here are Dr. Harvey P. Peet's works.

An appeal will be made to the Legis-

lature next fall, by the managers of this

school in its behalf, and the writer will,

through his friends, try to secure the

passage of the bill.

The books now in the New York and

other Institutions will now have the

opportunity of attending a school which

will devote special attention to the re-

freshed.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Six weeks gone and stock still rising—  
The Phat Boy at the Exhibition—Decision of the Agricultural Jury—The Women's Department—Preparing for the glorious Fourth—A Big Bell.

(From our regular Correspondent)

PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1876.

The sixth week of the Exhibition opened well and is closing active. A steady increase in the attendance is still noticeable. Even rainy days are no drawback to the enjoyment of visitors, for if the avenues and walks are wet and muddy, and the air damp, the interior of the buildings afford a dry, comfortable, and most entertaining retreat. A ludicrous incident occurred on Tuesday at one of the entrances turnstiles. A fat boy—a home specimen from Illinois and a rival to Barnum's—presented himself at the usual place of entrance, but was, to his own dismay, unable to pass through. The gatekeepers were powerless to render assistance or advice. Their orders were to permit nobody to pass into the grounds except through the stile, and yet this applicant was in the most literal sense a "body." What was to be done? The boy had his fifty-cent piece in his hand and demanded admission. The Department of Admission was applied to, a hurried consultation was held, and as a last resort the heavy youth was admitted through the wagon gate.

The Women's Department at the Exhibition is one of the things not to be sneezed at. The New England kitchen is quite a center of attraction, and is one of those distinct features that a person is likely to inspect several times. The ladies, under the superintendence of Miss Emma Southwick, have been extremely fortunate in securing many objects of special interest for exhibition, which are doubly notable by reason of their novelty and age. A combination of quaint architecture, antiquated furniture, and the epochal costumes of the attendants, gives one a pleasing view of life in New England a century ago.

There is a chair that was brought from Old England in the second ship that landed on our coast; and another, made in Danvers, Mass., over 200 years ago, which has descended from the family of Governor Endicott. Underneath a clock, said to have been made 168 years ago, is John Alden's writing-desk, which was brought over in the Mayflower. The fireplace is a glimpse of history in itself.

Hanging over the fire on the crane are two of the oddest-looking kettles, said to have come from England in the Cardwell.

On the mantel are the tinder-box, the crane-lamp, and other ancient articles, above which hang the old flint-lock musket and powder-horn. At the side of the fireplace is a small but neat spinning wheel, which, according to Mrs. General Cunningham, was brought to this country in the Mayflower. Years ago it was thrown aside as useless, but when the Centennial movement began to extend its influence over the country, a Miss Tower took hold of it, burnished it up, and put it in condition to be operated on by her, much to the amusement of the visitors. Alongside of the wheel is a chest of drawers said to be 200 years old, an assertion its appearance fully justifies the truth of. At the other side of the hearth hangs a saddle, made 170 years ago, and a sample of the kind used entirely by the gentility of that day. Against the walls hangs a commission granted to Lieutenant-Colonel Nathan Barrett from John Hancock, first Governor of Massachusetts, in 1781. Also present is a sword worn by Colonel Barrett in the memorable Concord fight of April 19th, 1775, when he was only a captain. A pewter platter, said to have been made a century ago, is suspended beside a canteen of the Revolution, and a wooden plate, filled with marks of time, but which originally formed a portion of a fashionable lady's wedding outfit. On an old-fashioned sideboard is arrayed the china-ware in vogue during the Revolution, with its peculiar-figured plates and many-colored cups and saucers. There is a veritable whistle made from a pig's tail, over which is placarded the following lines:

"There's a proverb as ancient as Scotland's thistle  
That out of a pig's tail you can't make a whistle;  
We believe we've accomplished the wonderful thing,  
And all who may wish can make this tail sing."

And these are not all the unique exhibits in this Department, of which I shall speak again hereafter for the benefit of your lady readers.

Yesterday I had a look at the famous Wisconsin War Eagle, "Old Abe," now on exhibition in Agricultural Hall. This old veteran, of whom nearly everybody has heard, was captured by a Chippewa Indian in Northern Wisconsin, in 1861, and was carried by the 8th Wisconsin regiment three years, passing through 25 battles. He afterwards became a "State Bird," and has frequently been on exhibition for charitable objects, earning over \$25,000. While in the building I learned that the jury on agricultural machinery had decided to abandon the old practice of field trials, believing that no fair estimate of the value of machines can be formed from such trials.

The quality of durability, for instance, which is one of the most important in the competition of reapers, plows, &c., cannot be ascertained at all by a single exhibition of their working. The jury

will, therefore, merely examine the machines as they stand in Agricultural Hall, and will recommend such makes as seem to combine the most improvements.

Good news for coal consumers! Quite a reduction in the price of coal, as will be seen by referring to Mr. Penfield's price list in another column. Mr. Penfield has made arrangements to supply any quantity of Wilkesbarre coal.

The third match game of base ball between the Rattlers and the Centennials was played last Thursday, resulting in the defeat of the Rattlers by a score of 8 to 21. The Centennial club has beaten once before, making twice out of three times.

Rev. Simes P. Stratton and family started for Philadelphia last Monday.

They will be gone three or four weeks. Of course they will visit the big show in that city. We hope they will have a pleasant time and return rested and re-

freshed.

and other extravagances. The preponderance of legal opinion and public sympathy appears to be with the Board of Finance, who have so judiciously guarded the purse-strings against the moonshine or pompous figure-heads. Arrangements for the 4th of July demonstrations are in progress, though there are indications that the parade won't be so large an affair as was contemplated. A disposition was manifested on the part of the Commission to have the ceremonies take place within the Centennial Grounds, but good sense has prevailed to make it a free show on that day, and Independence Square has been selected as the spot. Governor Hartman will also appear the head of the New York column. New York could turn out a splendid display, but no appropriation was made by the legislature for expenses of regiments and only some of the wealthier ones will be able to come without aid.

charge of Robinson to the departing ones. "I charge you strongly to follow me no further than I have followed Christ."

From the sons of toil, from the bulrushes and the mangers come the saviors and helpers of the world. The oration closed with a fine peroration, and was delivered forcibly and earnestly.

Essay—With the Tide, Adel E. Miller.

The ocean of life presents a scene of turbulence and confusion. The dangers of the ocean unknown, and each mariner sails alone; he is the first that ever burst into that unknown sea." All are not battling against the current. Drifting is so easy and struggling so hard, that few have the courage to attempt it. Drifting lives are like the Gulf stream, starting in sunshine and warmth, and ending in the Arctic cold. Weakness and inefficiency drag others down in the fall. A fine essay, and clearly and distinctly read.

Music—Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel, Quartette Club.

Essay—How and Why, Mary P. Paine.

Oration—Cash and Barter, C. H. Biddecom

### The All-Sufficient Savior.

Jesus is a present Savior,  
Jesus dwells within my heart;  
Every day He seems more precious,  
I will never from him depart.  
  
Jesus is a constant Savior,  
He will keep you day by day;  
Trust in His mighty power,  
Then you cannot, will not stray.  
  
Jesus is a perfect Savior,  
His blood washes white as snow;  
Makes our lives to shine so lovely,  
While we sojourn here below.  
  
He is the eternal Savior,  
He will save for evermore,  
Lead us through this earth's probation,  
Land us on the golden shore.

Jesus now is calling to you,  
He is saying, come to day;  
Come! O, come, unto the Savior,  
He will wash your sins away.  
  
You've been often disappointed  
By the world's deceitful smile;  
Come to Jesus, He will save you,  
From the cruel tempter's wiles.  
  
Are you resting on your merits?  
They will prove of no avail;  
Come and try the works of Jesus,  
They were never known to fail.  
  
Little children may come to him,  
God will save them, every one;  
He will save them through the merits  
Of his well-beloved son.

There are pleasures in his favor,  
Sweeter than you've ever known;  
But the higher joys He's keeping  
Till you sit upon your throne.

May be sung to the tune of "Jesus I my cross  
have taken."  
WM. SAINSBURY.  
Mexico, June 6, 1876.

### A Tyrolean Legend.

Precipices and glaciers are not the only difficulties that the chamois hunter has to contend with. Now and then an ugly dwarf or hobgoblin will spring up in their path, and threaten them with destruction. There is a story of a hunter who was waylaid by a little being of this sort, who snappishly demanded of the sportsman what he did up there, killing all the chamois. The hunter pleaded poverty, and justified his conduct by the circumstance that he had a wife and family to feed at home. So the dwarf told him that if he gave up killing the animals upon the mountains, he should find a fat chamois already slaughtered hanging before his door once a week. So the huntsman went home, and sure enough, when he opened the cottage door next morning, there hung a fine chamois upon one of the trees. The man was delighted with his good fortune, and for some time lived contentedly upon the food provided for him. But after a while he became tired of doing nothing, and yearned to spring about the mountains, as before, with his gun. So one morning he bade his wife farewell, and went off to his accustomed hunting-ground. From a jutting rock, upon which he could just balance himself, he spied a plump chamois feeding in the green valley below. Hesitated himself as well as possible to take aim, when, just as he pulled the trigger, the dwarf's laugh was heard behind him, and at the same moment his foot was slipped from the rock, and he fell headlong into the abyss below.

### John Ruskin's Fountain.

There is an old tradition concerning Mahomet that he was once standing beneath a palm tree and teaching his followers, saying: "He who clothes the naked shall be clothed by God with the green robes of paradise. If a good man gives with his right hand and conceals it from his left, he overcomes all things." While he said these words, a man drew near and cried: "O prophet! my mother is dead; what is the best alms I can give away for her soul?" Mahomet bethought him of the panting heats of the desert, and said: "Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty." The man dug a well and said: "This is for my mother." I do not know whether Mr. John Ruskin ever met with this old story, but he has just performed a kind and gentle action which has reminded me of it. A little way from Croydon, near London, there has long been a dirty, marshy little pond, which is now an exquisite, clear spring of running water. Mr. Ruskin has expended £500 in making this spring, which is not far from the home of his childhood, and surrounding it with trees and flowers, and named it after his mother, [Margaret's Well]. On the neat tablet over it are inscribed the following words: "In obedience to the Giver of Life, and brooks and fruits that feed it, of the peace that ends it, may this well be kept sacred for the service of men, flocks and flowers, and by kindness be called Margaret's Well." —*Moncure D. Conway.*

In the criminal court in Paris the other day a German, named Alphonse Baer, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling a quack medicine. The magical drug which was advertised as a specific in afflictions of the nerves and epilepsy, under the name of *éau antineurale*, was found to be brandy, with an infusion of tobacco leaves and burnt sugar. The receipts from its sale, however, in the last year amounted to \$360,000.

A curious case recently came into the police court at Wadsworth, England, being an application by the Rev. Mr. Miner, for protection from the annoyance of persons shouting after him, "Cuckoo." He said that he was getting into such a nervous state that if something were not done to stop the annoyance he must leave the neighborhood.

A Maine cow swallowed \$50, and they gave her emetics all in vain.

### Simplicity in Preaching.

Arthur Helps tells a story of an illiterate soldier at the chapel of Lord Merton's castle in Ireland. Whenever a Bishop Whately came to preach, it was observed that this rough private was always in his place, mouth open, as if in sympathy with his ears. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing it was due to the vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason, and was able to give it. "That isn't it at all. The Archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me, now, can follow along and take every bit of it in."

Good for an M. P.

This is good enough to be American: A member of Parliament, well known for his ready and unfailing humor, had lately to undergo a serious operation for an abscess in the leg. It was at one time feared, but without cause, that amputation would be necessary. Just as the operation was about to begin, the honored member quietly remarked to the surgeon, "Remember that if you cut off my leg, I can't stand for the city any more. But," he added, after a short pause, as if for consideration, "after all I shall be able to stamp the country." —*Harper's Magazine for July.*

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